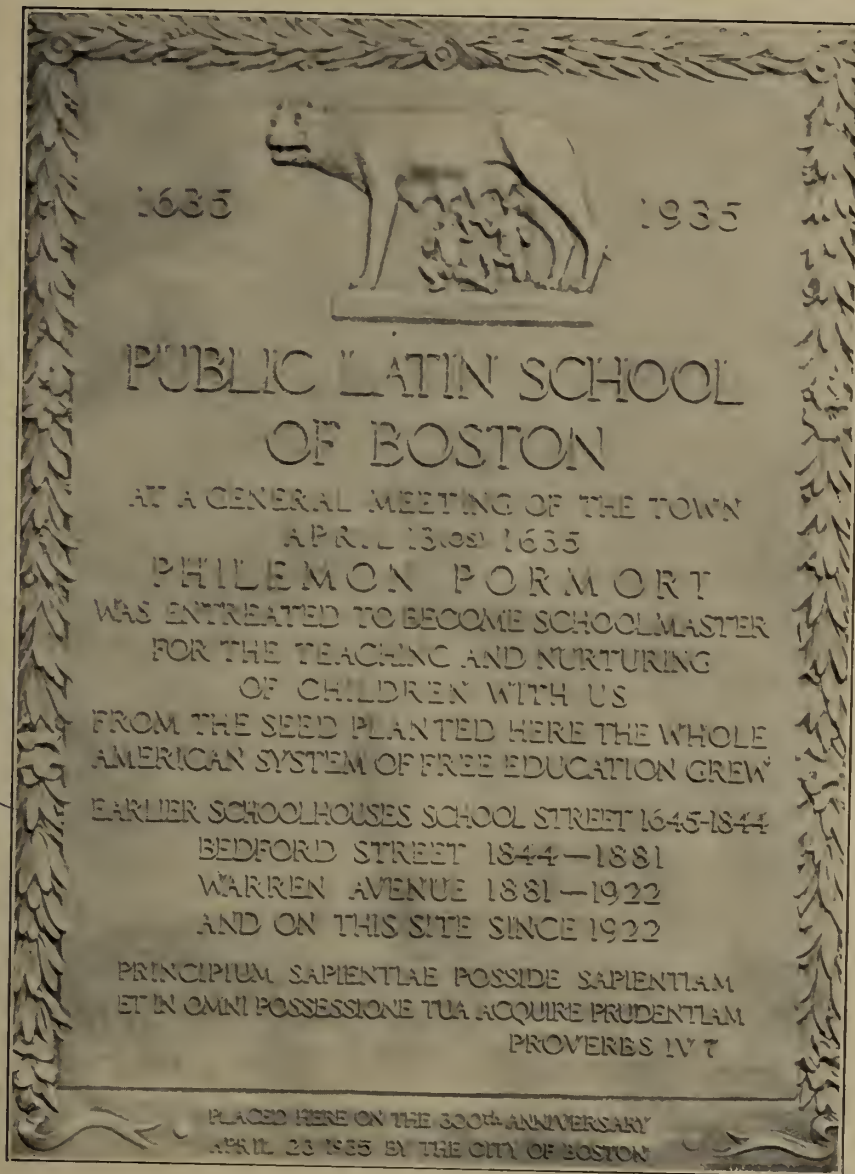


LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



VOL. LIV

JUNE, 1935

No. 6

H. A. BEDROMAN '33

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JUNE

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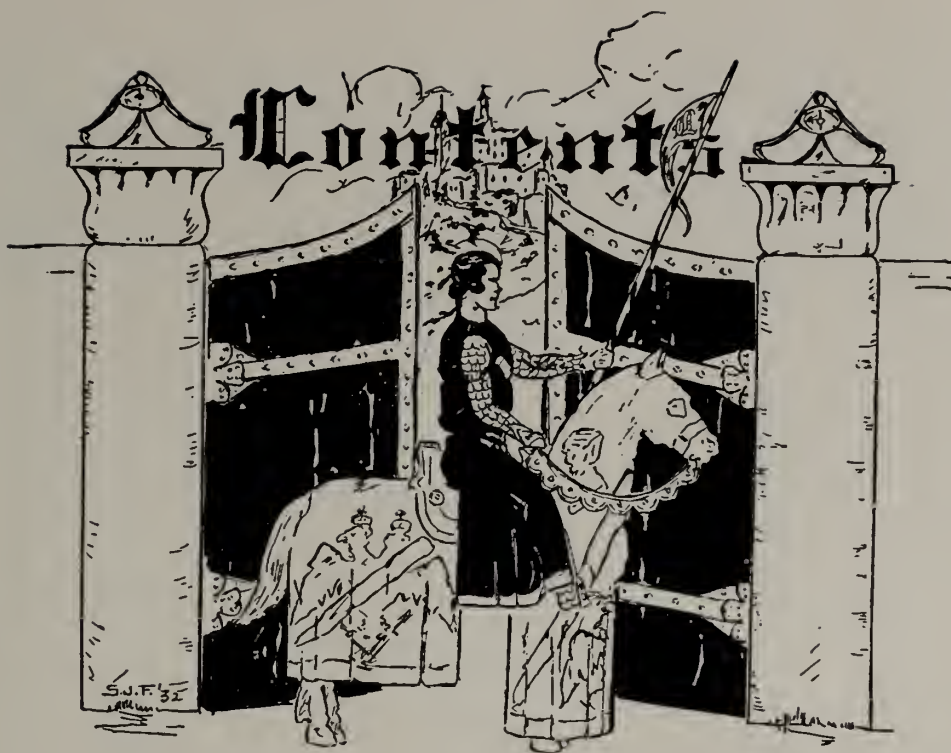
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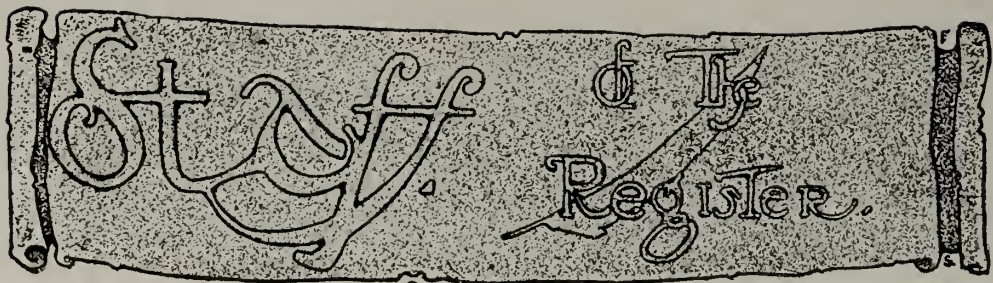


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“Haec in Hoc Libello Contineatur”

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FAREWELL —

Somewhat reluctantly we watch the passing of another year. Another leaf in the long volume turns that others may be written. What has been done cannot be retracted; what has been left undone cannot be reattempted. Time has no pity; it has no scruple.

For those who see long years ahead within these same walls, time has been kind. Coming ears bring new opportunities and new courage. Ideals and illusions have still the chance of fulfillment. For those whose Latin School days are now definitely closed, there is the blessing of memory. Reminiscences of the past lend impetus to the present and hope for the future, for those phases of time are very closely identified.

But let not the failures of the past nor its successes too strongly influence the future. Let the failures urge on to greater endeavor and the successes to greater confidence. But let not the one give fear before obstacles nor the other over-assurance.

And so as we roll into the future, let us not forget that future years always bring new opportunities.

Sidney Sulkin.

A CONSERVATIVE SCHOOL

The fact that Latin School has enjoyed three hundred years of life urges us on to further thought. What has prolonged her life? What has been the secret of her unparalleled vitality? Is the Latin School prepared to make her bid for a life of six hundred years?

But the school itself gives excellent answers to our queries. She has endured, not because she is the Latin School, not because a school must endure, but because she has been a conservative school. The Latin School of today differs little from the Latin School of 1635, and thus it is modeled after the European school.

In the early days of its history the course in the Latin School was somewhat as it is today: a Latin course, a mathematical course, an English course, and some Greek. But there was only one teacher. Of course, this had its advantages, too, for in those days, when the ferule hit hard and hurt long, a young urchin might well have received five administrations of that instrument of torture rather than five misdemeanor marks. But our present-day method of punishing malefactors is even better than that ancient way. Somehow the censure is a much disliked thing. Even the most notorious in our school have respect for it, for its effects are immeasurable. But this, the method of punishment, is one of the few changes that has taken place in the Latin School, and it is a change for the better.

Today we see a far different school from that of old; that is, in size. Today we enjoy every modern convenience, including numerous well-trained instructors. Why, even the numbers of the student body have risen from a few to a potential army. But has this made our school different? Has it labelled it as a progressive school? Has it endangered our school? Emphatically no! Today the purpose of our school is as it was years ago: to train its charges for college. Its quality has remained unchanged in spite of the changes in the world about it. And this is why our school is conservative: because it has not heeded the call of its fellow-institutions. They have gone on; they have changed their methods; they have become modern! But the Latin School is like a beacon shedding the bright light of days gone by on a world which would be only faintly illumined without it. It is a means by which our ancestors say to other institutions: "The training which we received is better by far than the one you are receiving. Our methods should be peretuated on a larger scale."

Today the world is becoming conscious of the type of education being given the younger generation. And with a knowledge of the type of education comes a desire for a change. Some are heartily in favor of a change from the classical type, for they think that its benefits are few. Even Harvard College is considering a plan to do away with Latin. Greek is taught in comparatively few institutions. The classics seem to be on their way out. And yet, the future of the Latin School seems to be as bright as it was one hundred years ago. It is truly a conservative school, and the changes that are taking place today will not alter it any more than did the changes of one hundred years ago. Indeed the "teaching and nurturing of

the children with us" will go on in the Latin School long after we are gone, and even then the Latin School will stand as a proof to the world that a classical education is ever a good one.

John F. X. Gaquin, '35.

FROM OUR SISTER SCHOOL

To the Public Latin School:

In the calendar of the Boston Public Latin School, as well as in that of the Girls' Latin School, April twenty-fifth will undoubtedly be a "red letter day" for years to come. It was on that day, three hundred years after the founding of our brother school, that Girls' Latin School en masse paid its first visit to the neighboring school. For even a small delegation from our school to be permitted to enter your portals would be an honor, but for our entire student body to be so graciously welcomed was a far greater privilege than we had ever expected. We have tried to repay your generosity in some degree by unanimously acclaiming that assembly the most entertaining and unique of our school year. Our enthusiasm compels us to tell you that the presentation of the first two acts of your Tercentenary pageant was the most delightful performance we have witnessed this year.

Therefore, on behalf of our student body, I wish to express our deepest appreciation of and gratitude for your gracious hospitality and kindly generosity on that morning which will surely be remembered by each and every one of us for many years to come.

Very sincerely yours,

Mary McLaughlin,

For "The Jabberwock" and the Student Council.

COLONEL PENNEY

The 26th Division of the Massachusetts National Guard marked the retirement of one of its most valuable men with very appropriate exercises on Tuesday, April 30, 1935. On that day was dedicated a bust of Colonel Penney, a bust which will perpetuate the name of one who has spent his life in service to God and Country.

The exercises were opened with the "Caisson Song," by the Latin School band. Then the colonel's record was related. It is indeed an enviable one. In thirty-eight short years he rose from private to colonel, and in February of this year he retired, at his own request, after having aspired to great heights. He enlisted in Company M of the 8th Massachusetts Infantry, and later he captained the same company. But soon the company lost him, for he went on to greater things.

And then, after the big war, Latin School was honored by his presence. For years now he has been training the Latin School boys, and in these years he has not limited his training to company manoeuvres and the manual of

arms. Indeed, he has gone much farther. He has played an outstanding part in the task of directing his boys along the straight, narrow path. This he brings about by his little talks to the boys, which indeed paint a large and indelible mark on the hearts of all his hearers.



Photo by Taylor

These characteristics, evidenced by our colonel, were all pointed out clearly during the exercises. Major-General Erland Fish, who addressed the boys during the exercises, commended the colonel for his deep sense of devotion to duty. And Mr. Powers declared that Colonel Penney has been an indispensable aid to him for years. And then the colonel received the hearty commendations of the superintendent of Boston's schools.

The response of the colonel was delivered in his customary unostentatious manner. In a vain attempt to direct the eyes of the admiring audience from him, he presented to them some of the honored guests who were present: Daniel Needham, Col. Blake, Col. Choquette, and numerous others. Then he thanked the National Guard and the school for the honor which he declared was undeserved. He was visibly deeply moved by the honor, and he appreciated the fact that his name would go down to posterity among the names of other leaders of the school. And despite the fact that he denied that he deserved the honor, his words went unheeded, for his audience, composed of men and boys with whom he has come in contact, knew well that he was merely displaying his modesty.

John F. X. Gaquin, '35.

*(Vantime)*

LATIN SCHOOL'S TERCENTENARY

Sidney Sulkin

Latin School's three hundredth year has passed into the ages amidst the acclamations of an admiring nation and the devotions of a filial brood. Her sons returned to the arms of their Alma Mater to bid her long life and happiness. A nation attended her birthday party.

On April 22, the school officially opened its celebration. In a drizzling rain, benediction of the gods, twenty-three hundred boys, uniformed, erect, semblance of Latin School's growth, helped pay tribute to their Alma Mater. The school's young did their bit with gymnastic exercises, presenting perfect precision in white—backed by three regiments of khaki. Distinguished guests and alumni attended to witness the presentation to the school, by the city, of a large bronze commemoration tablet, the work of J. F. Paramino. The tablet bears the school insignia and the words: "At a general meeting of the town, April 13 (o.s.), 1635, Philemon Pormort was entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing of children with us. 'From the seed planted here, the whole American system of free education grew.'" (It is interesting to note that a similar tablet was affixed to the Latin side of the English High School on the same day.)

In the afternoon of that day, the Tercentenary Pageant, written and directed by the faculty and acted by the students of the school, was presented for the benefit of the Alumni in the school hall. It was a colorful display of various incidents in the long life of the Latin School. There were scenes depicting the founding of the school; Ezekiel Cheever's classroom in 1707; the coasting incident of 1775; Lovell's dispute with the Yankee patriot son, 1775; Gardner's classroom in 1861; an alumni banquet, 1876, with attending

alumni—Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett Hale, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Moses Merrill, Chas. W. Eliot, Phillips Brooks, and others; a scene concerning Samuel Langley's experiment with the airplane; and a parade of Latin School's Hall of Fame, presented by the Spirit of the School. The pageant, by popular demand, was presented some four or five times during the week.

In the evening Boston hotels were the scenes of several class reunions. The class of 1911 held its banquet at the Hotel Kenmore, also the scene of the thirty-seventh annual reunion of the class of '98. The Parker House harbored the class of 1885. The class of 1914 announced at its meeting in the Copley-Plaza that a scholarship for excellence in studies would be awarded yearly by that class to a Latin School senior.

Thus ended the first day of Latin School's huge birthday celebration.



(Courtesy of Boston Globe)

Tuesday, the second day of the exercises, and the actual date upon which the first school is believed to have been founded, was the center of the commemoration exercises. During the morning, the Senior Class Day was held, with J. K. Kennedy, Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, as principal speaker.

The afternoon was devoted to exercises at the Symphony Hall—at which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Arthur Fiedler, '14; the Harvard Glee Club, under A. T. Davison, '02; and E. P. Illingworth, '06, at the organ, furnished delightful and fitting music. Many fine speeches were made, and the audience was thrilled by the words of such noble minds as Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard, and George Santayana, '82, philosopher and poet.

The hall was decorated in ivy and laurel, with huge purple banners on the balconies proclaiming Latin School's age. Graduates and their families attended to mingle with students and faculty. Tercentenary medallions dangled from proud lapels. Cheery hellos and hearty handshakes spelled reunion and gladness. It was a sincere audience that had assembled to commemorate what that tiny group had wrought three hundred years before.

The principal speaker of the afternoon was A. Lawrence Lowell, who spoke on theories of education, stressing the importance of the individual and initiative as exercised in self-education in preference to the method of "complete teaching," whereby one does not learn for himself. Other speakers of the day were Dr. C. E. Mackey, Chairman of the Boston School Committee, who declared that the parents of students were thrusting too much of their own work upon the schools; Dr. Payson Smith, State Commissioner of Education, who declared, "The American way (of education) seeks to recognize in every boy the man it is possible for him to become. It aims to give him the chance to grow to be that man"; Carl Dreyfus, representing Mayor Mansfield; Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, who substituted for Governor Curley; Robert M. Green, '98, who delivered the Tercentenary Poem, "Enter to Grow in Wisdom"; Rabbi J. S. Shubow, '16, who delivered the invocation; the Rev. Michael J. Cuddihy, '91, who gave the benediction; Head Master Joseph L. Powers, '96; and master of ceremonies, Superintendent P. T. Campbell, '89.

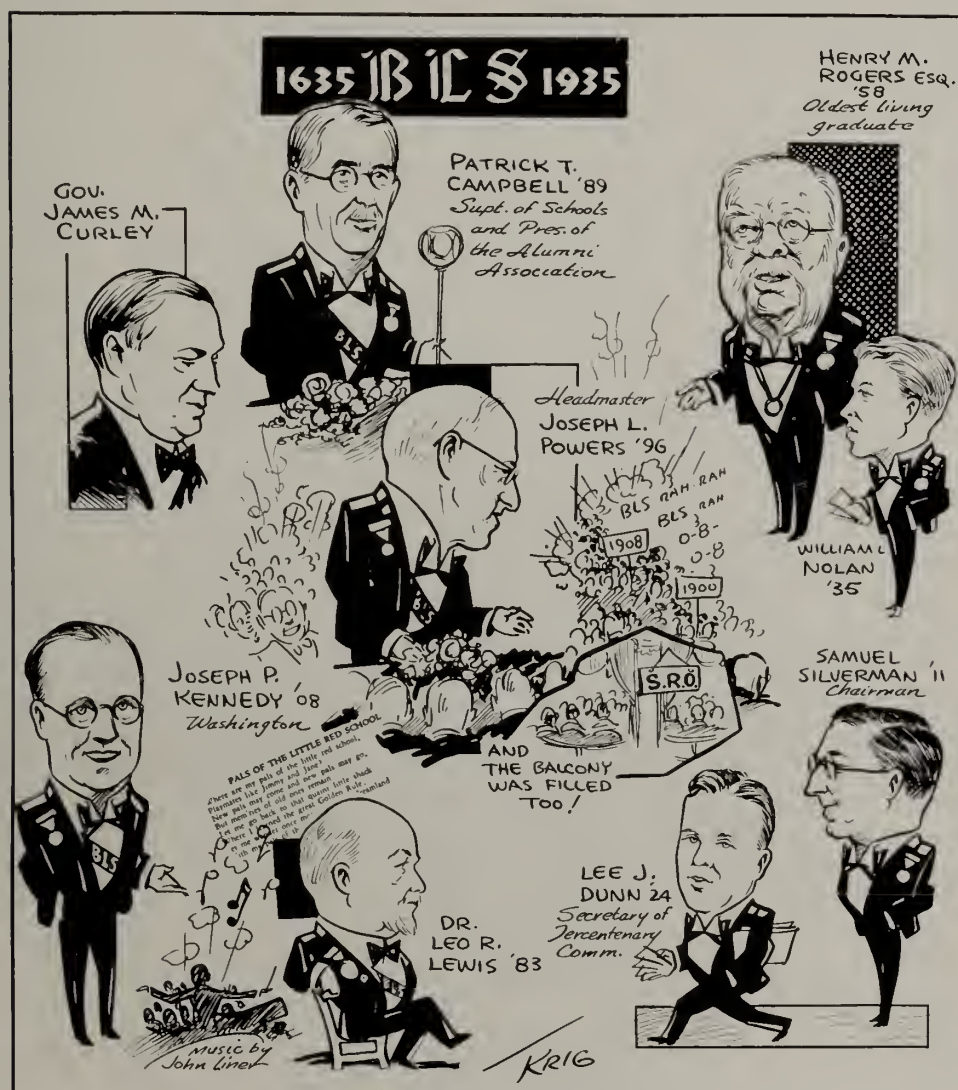
The entire course of the exercises seemed pervaded with the serious dignity of the ever-present past. As the Harvard Glee Club softly sang "Ad Scholam Matrem," it seemed that the past had crept up to whisper the words to a new audience of a new world.



SCENE I OF THE PAGEANT

As the program ended, Dr. Campbell arose, and smiling to his "boys," many older than he, declared 'school dismissed' and another phase in Latin School's Birthday Party was closed.

In the evening of the twenty-third, fifteen hundred graduates of the Latin School gathered at the Copley-Plaza in a huge family reunion to bring to a close their Alma Mater's third birthday party. Representatives of almost seventy-seven classes joined in a hilarious group of rejuvenated schoolboys, headed by the toastmaster, Mr. Joseph L. Powers, who constantly called for silence with a large, old-fashioned school bell, relic of former days. Many speeches studded the evening with pleasant and often sentimental memories. Mellow age recounted again and again the pranks of yesterday, never exhausting the treasury of memory.



Most typical of the reminiscent alumni was the ninety-six-year-old Henry M. Rogers, '58, for whom time had unveiled a long story. His every remark was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. He spoke eloquently of a very distant past, of the days of the Civil War, of friends from whom he had been forced apart, of Lincoln, of courage . . .

"I entered Harvard in 1858. Many of my classmates were from the South. We talked and talked about the coming war, and we loved each other. Then the shot was fired. We said farewell with breaking hearts. We, we of the North, knew that our Southern classmates were going to fight for the truth as they saw it.

"Fight for the truth as they saw it! Fight for the truth! Now you fight for the truth as you see it. Self-made laws are the laws to follow."

He spoke of Lincoln: "I sat alone with Abraham Lincoln in the White House. It was shortly after Antietam. Twenty-five thousand had been lost, the flower of the nation's youth. Lincoln had just issued the Emancipation Proclamation. I shall never forget his face. He looked as if he were carrying the sins and suffering of a thousand years . . ."

Mr. Powers presented Mr. Rogers with an approbation card of distinction amidst the rousing cheers of the diners. Around his neck Mr. Rogers was wearing a medal, presented him by Headmaster Francis Gardner in 1856.

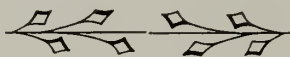
Mr. Rogers spoke of his Class Five division. Phillips Brooks, the great preacher, had been his master. "He left the Public Latin School because he couldn't reform us. He could reform anything else, but not this class. My class in Latin School was the instrument of God to drive Phillips Brooks into the ministry and into fame."

The hall was the scene of lively discussion throughout the evening. Classes contended with lusty throats to proclaim their fame. Prominent leaders, renowned figures, linked arms with classmates and cheered heartily. Everyone had grasped the spirit of the occasion.

The memories of days gone by, of old traditions still prevalent, of ideals once fervent, now happy memories, lent mellowness to the atmosphere.

The celebration is over. The great family has again spread itself over the nation's surface to carry on the business of the day. The past is again crowded into that corner of the brain reserved for memories. The future looms ahead. A new generation goes forth from the Latin School. The cycle of the next three hundred years has already begun to roll.

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?



[illegible]

**PERCENTARY
SIDEGLINTS**

APRIL 22, 1935

A CLASS OF '44 UP, WALKED ABOUT THE SCHOOL IN COLUMNS; 23.

VISITORS AND GRADS FROM THE

MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CLASS PRESENTED A CONGRATULATORY ARRAY FROM THE WINDOWS.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TOOK "PITCHERS" FROM THE ROOF OF GIRL'S LATIN.

THE "TRICK" COMPANY PROVIDED AMUSEMENT FOR THE LOWER CLASSES.

Y'E LATIN SCHOOLE BAND PROVIDED MUSIC FOR THE OPPER CLASSES.

WELL, THAT'S OVER WITH FOR ANOTHER 100 YEARS.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST

Norman Alfred Ober, '36.

What an odd conglomeration of figures they were! Here Ben Franklin, languidly leaning out of one of the windows, catching the sun there, Ralph Waldo Emerson in shirtsleeves reciting Virgil, Governor Winthrop, General Haldimand, Cotton Mather, and Schoolmaster Gardener deeply engrossed in a game of bridge. . . all the venerable shadows from the pages of our school history were stalking about the corridors of that stern and dignified old place.

For those persons of the audience at the various performances of the pageant, the unfolding of the story of the Latin School must have been thrilling. . . the realistic scenic arrangement, the properties, and the excellent make-up converted schoolboys to prominent figures in our nation's history. The story of the founding of the school, and the tale of its survival through many trying years of war and strife, the story of the advance of education, the defeat of the opposing forces of ignorance, the metaphors from an uncertain, shaky experiment to a firm, well-built institution of education, all these interwoven with the achievements of Latin School Alumni entranced the spectators and filled them with a feeling of awe, mixed with reverence.

But backstage a different spirit dominated the boys. Each had a part to play, some small, many smaller . . . but every boy knew that he was for the moment standing forth as a representation of those men of the past, and did his part. But this is no eulogy of those boys. They ask none, for the opportunity to serve in some small capacity in the commemoration of those

honored predecessors was in itself sufficient recompense.

When on stage, they were all serious, and did their work well. But there were long intervals before and after appearances in which the boys had to amuse themselves as best they could. After performances, there was always the sigh of mingled satisfaction and relief, the rush to the cold cream, and the wash rooms; before, the nervous tension that all attempted to drown in laughter, and joking, in singing or playing cards.

The boys of each scene were confined in different rooms until their turn came to perform. Many odd sights were presented to the inquisitive eye at every turn. We might enter Room 201, and find Ezekiel Cheever, whose dignity on stage made him an ideal schoolmaster, carrying the tiny Samuel Sewell around in a wastebasket. In the next room we see a wild-eyed Hessian, chasing a superior officer around the room at the point of a bayonet, while five other boys, arrayed in colorful red-coats and old-fashioned costumes, are singing the concluding few chords of "Old Black Joe." In 226 we see the general and his under officers slugging a white ball back and forth over a net placed in the center of two tables placed end to end.

. . . the general's ingenuity in peace times had provided two nervous hearts a means of relaxation . . . ping-pong.

The odor of cosmetics fills the air, every face is uncomfortable from the make-up, the Hessian has stopped his running . . . the singing has stopped. The call boy has come at last . . . "Act 1, Scene 3," he calls, and I feel the arm of the Hessian on my shoulder. To-

gether we walk on stage. I hear the "Ready?" . . . I stiffen up. The curtain rises, and we go through our lines, conscious of the multitude of faces in the dark expanse that constitutes the fourth wall of our room. After eight minutes, the curtain is down, and we file off, the rattle of applause in our ears. Again we are ourselves . . . The Hessian shouts, "Last one to the wash-room's a thick-head!" I am last, as usual, for he has tripped me.

It is all over. We dress, and wash, and go to torment the make-up men, who are not yet finished with their work. My Hessian makes love to me, and I forgive him. We leave the building arm in arm.

There was a glow of satisfaction in every boy in that pageant . . . even my Hessian felt it, and expressed the feeling none of us could put into words. "Isn't it wonderful, getting up there an' being someone else, being nervous for a while, and then laughing when

it's over?" It was wonderful, I think, for all of us. The attention of the whole nation was focused on our school, and we were in the limelight and proud of it!

There is no Latin School boy who is not proud of his heritage, and the opportunity to manifest his feelings is always gratifying to him. For the one hundred and fifty boys who enacted parts in the pageant, this was a fine opportunity to voice by action their feelings. For they have noticed that their predecessors ascended a dangerous path to achievement with action and few words. It shall be the aspiration of us all, then, to follow in their footsteps. This pageant shall become a memory, one insignificant in comparison with what great achievements we may attain in the future. We can ask for nothing better than to equal what the Shadows of the Past have left us. . . . Let us never fall below!

VERITAS

I wondered where true happiness is found,
Wherein is held an honest joy in life,
Where peace of mind, and surcease from our strife,
Where cheerful smiles and gladsome hearts abound.
I wondered how a life worth-while is made,
How mortal can fulfill the promise old,
And in his hand the one big secret hold:
Life's many woes and trials to evade.

A voice into my meditations seemed to burst,
Of strange and awful tone, both low and deep:
"Be honest and obey thy conscience first,
And rich or poor, thy spirits cheerful keep;
Then, with thy bit of life do thou thy best,
And with a happy life thou shalt be blest."

T. G. Warshaw, '36.

JONAH AND THE WHALE

A. Cantor, '36

Sanfield C. Williams came out of Wesley Tech with a B. S. Degree in Marine Engineering and not much else. His assets were sixty-seven cents in change and a plugged dime, which, I understand, is worth something in China. As it happened, Sanfield C. Williams was not in China. To state the absolute truth, he was gulping two hamburger sandwiches and as many glasses of beer at "Joe's Place," which is somewhere in New York.

"Kid," said Joe, the genial proprietor of the aforementioned restaurant (Booths for Ladies) "kid, you look as if you needed a job."

"You perceive readily," said Sanfield, a trifle wearily (He had thirty-two cents in the right pocket of his trousers).

"Kid," repeated Joe, "go down to Pier 232, North Side. Kirk Salvaging Co. They're looking' for sailors." And with that he winked an expressive eye at the Marine Engineer.

Sanfield trotted down to Pier 232, North Side, and obtained a "position." In three months he became one of the near-executives. Another half-year, and he became one of the leading lights of the company. After all, anything can happen in New York.

* * *

"San," said Thatcher, the big general manager," the "Western Star" sank two days ago with a million dollar's worth of gold off Virginia. One of the English magnates who owns those big diamond fields in Africa — his name was Kidderby — went down with the boat. He had a pouch."

"That's not particularly striking," said Sanfield.

"No," quoth Thatcher, "but what

was inside was. He had three uncut diamonds in that pouch worth at least a quarter of a million dollars."

Sanfield stirred himself from a lethargic attitude on a swivel chair. "Did we get the salvage job?" he asked.

Thatcher nodded wordlessly.

"I'm going down there with MacGregor and our best boat. One million and a quarter! Whew!" Then, taking up a point, "What sank the "Western Star"? asked the Marine Engineer.

"A busted boiler," retorted the big general manager. "She blew up."

* * *

"I think this is the spot, Mr. Williams," said MacGregor. "We've been sounding for half a day already. The boys brought up a couple o' wrecked timbers and some engine parts. I think it's her all right."

Sanfield grimaced at the picture on the ocean floor that was forming in his mind. As he thought, his keen eyes spied a thin spout of water coming up from the sea about a half mile away.

"What's that?" he asked MacGregor.

The stolid Scot shrugged. "Prob'ly a fin-back whale. One of the biggest kind o' whales. Moby Dick must have been one like that."

Sanfield watched the thin spout interestedly till it died to an emaciated spurt and finally stopped. Even when it had stopped, he stood on the bridge and watched the quiet patch of water the spout had been.

* * *

The next day MacGregor awoke him from a sleep replete with Moby

Dick and whales. You see, Sanfield was profoundly affected by the little incident of the day before.

"Tell me," said the marine engineer to MacGregor, "where did that whale we saw yesterday go?"

"O, I don't know. Must 've swum away somewhere. I don't think it's around here. But enough o' whales. We got work t' do. Do y' want to go out on the row boat and do some soundings?"

Sanfield assented eagerly. He donned a worn pair of dungarees of shady ancestry and a shirt that had seen many necks. Looking around for other perhaps necessary articles, he caught sight of his hunting knife that had been given him by his father. He put it in a side pocket of the dungarees.

Life is life, and death is death. Row boats are row boats, too. Sanfield got a slightly decrepit one. Plying the oars rapidly, he arrived at a spot conjectured by MacGregor to be the point of sinking and let the thick rope slide down.

A tremendous mountain of water spouted up and tossed the old row boat upside down in a terrific churning that smashed the wood. Sanfield flew up into the air with great force and fell back again into the seething whirlpool. A great mountain of flesh spouted for a moment and sank like a submarine after the fallen figure.

"Whale!" yelled MacGregor. "Whale!" and he leveled a double-barreled shotgun in a fury at the animal-fish that had killed his young superintendent.

The shots bounced off the thick hide of the mountainous creature. Three shot, however, flew through the small eye and curved into the little brain. The whale thrashed a gigantic tail and sank again and came up and sank

once more, blood spouting instead of water. Finally he stopped and beat the water feebly. A few more minutes and the great mass was without life, murdered in the second degree.

MacGregor ordered the creature to be hooked up to the side of the boat. There was valuable blubber underneath and oil. Yet it was with misty eyes that he ordered. Williams had been a "nice fellow."

An hour later, while the ship was preparing to go home with the sorrowful news and get some one to supervise the salvage, MacGregor stood watching the great Leviathan, motionless. He perceived a slight trembling of the thick hide and attributed it to muscular reaction. A moment later the trembling became a shaking, and the hide flew open. Sanfield C. Williams, a mass of intestines and blood, flopped over the animal-fish, a knife in one hand, a pouch in the other. Holding on to both with a death grip, he fell over the side of the whale into the water.

MacGregor dived. He dived again, after he had come up, of course. The second time, a soggy piece of human being was over his shoulder.

On deck, the knife dropped from the limp hands and the pouch flew open. On to the deck rolled three uncut diamonds, sparkling. Sanfield moved groggily and spit out through the mass of whale insides that enveloped him:

"What—a—Jonah—I—am! One million—and—a—quarter! Whew!"

And he actually fainted.

* * *

After it was all over, MacGregor asked him:

"How did y' do it, Mr. Williams? I don't see why y' didn't get suffocated."

And Sanfield C. Williams, B. S. in

marine engineering, answered: "Whales have lungs. I stabbed at one accidentally with my knife and a great burst of air came out. It could not go out through the nostrils, they were

blocked by water that had of necessity seeped in during the thrashing around. So it just stayed inside. So did I."

And MacGregor said very simply:

"M' goodness!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE NIGHT

Sidney Rosenberg, '35

It is not within my power to reproduce the awful silence of that night. "Awful" is the only word that will adequately describe it. My boat was anchored in the harbor close to shore and all about it there towered into the air the lifeless silhouettes of other vessels. As the ship's captain, I was aboard, going over some important accounts. Perhaps if I had stopped to listen, I might have heard the low swish of the water against the boat's underside as the tide flowed and receded.

I sat by the dim light reflected from the kerosene lamp in the cabin, when suddenly I was aroused by a heavy stamping on the deck above, a gruff voice calling out "Hallo!" and the shuffling of feet as a bulky body descended the rickety staircase. I arose in surprise when I saw that it was a police officer, who seemed particularly menacing as he brandished a club aloft. "By gad!" he puffed. "By gad! have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?" I stammered, wondering which of us was crazy.

My question seemed to awaken the idea in his mind that after all I did not know what he was talking about. "The murderer, of course," he replied, and threw himself heavily onto the couch in the corner of the room. He was still puffing and blowing like a hesitant steam engine. "Sure, but there's been a murder, there has, down

at the other side of the waterfront."

"There has?" I asked interestedly. "Who? When? Why?"

"Hey! Hey! Hold on there for a minute, young fellow. If I could answer any of those questions, I wouldn't be here; would I?"

"No," I admitted, "but what has happened?"

To all appearances the officer was in a talkative mood, and I decided that the accounts could surely wait for a moment in lieu of the interest his story was sure to hold; so I pushed them aside and sat down, focusing my attention on the policeman.

"I was walking my beat here by the harborside," he explained, "and thinking only how good Maggie's stew would taste when I got home, when suddenly I heard a commotion down the further side of the harbor. I grabbed my club—this club, here—and started towards the noise at full speed. For the life of me, I couldn't see a thing because of the dark, until I reached the spot where I knew the sounds of scuffle — that they surely were—had come from. But there was nothing there now, I thought at first, and all was quiet about me. Then I looked down, and there at my very feet was lying a dead body! It was a corpse, I tell you,"—he shuddered with horror—"and the blood was still streaming from a knife wound in his back." The officer got up and walked

about the room excitedly; then he sat down again and said: "Then you can bet I knew who had killed him! The same knife wound in the same spot! He had died like three before him from the knife of this cursed maniac who's running about the wharves, hiding in places the devil only knows. At the same moment, I thought I saw a motion down by this side, and I ran towards your ship, seeing the light in the cabin. Well, and here I am; but I've got to be going, and I'm sorry to have troubled you. But, if I were you, I wouldn't hang around here any longer, especially tonight! You can't tell when that maniac will take it into his mind to knife someone else."

He left me with this cheerful warning and stamped up the stairs to the deck, grunting heavily. In a few moments all was as quiet as before.

But now I imagined all sorts of noises, and I could not put my mind to the accounts. I started at every creak the rusty old ship made as it

swayed from side to side to the rhythm of the tide, and jumped up, asking myself with terror, "What's that?" when the wind banged a loose wire against the deck-rail.

Finally, I was able to regain a bit of my composure, and I returned to the books, losing myself in them. A stir on the deck aroused me. There was something up there; of that I was sure! And it was creeping closer! Now it was coming down the stairs; it descended softly, and I could imagine the sight of a maniacal creature with a knife in his hand, creeping down to plunge it into my back! Another step, and still another! I was paralyzed with fear and could not lift a finger to defend myself. I could hear him on the last step. In a moment he would appear, and then I should die. He would descend upon me in all his mad fury . . . A large rat stood facing me at the threshold, and scuttled away as I drew a long breath of relief . . .

HUMOR (300 years old!)

Little rows of zeros,
Not so very quaint,
Make our graduation
Look like what it ain't!
Lawrence Bulletin.

* * *

What's the use of learning
An ancient history date,
At quarter-after eight?
When I can make a modern one,

An English schoolboy rendered "Pax in bello" as "Freedom from indigestion."

Boston Transcript.

* * *

Teacher: Can anyone give me the scientific name for snoring?
S. Aleck: Sheet music on a nasal trombone!

* * *

Absence makes the marks grow
rounder!

Lawrence Bulletin.



We are glad to report that the Consumer, as a class, is receiving greatly increased attention by the modern authors. It is no far cry back to the muck-raking era, which was ushered in by the publication of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," an expose of the meat-packing industry in Chicago. For some reason or other, the era seemed to end almost as soon as it had begun; and it was not until the advent of Kallet and Schlink with their "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" that the reformist spirit was revived. Now, with a public intensely interested in things economic and social, the bookshops are being flooded with consumer literature.

Of the recent publications, one of the most outstanding is T. Swann Harding's "The Popular Practice of Fraud," wherein all phases of the consumer situation are considered. Probably the best way to summarize the contents of this book is to quote its descriptive chapter-headings: "Historical Retrospect of Fraud," "Hell-Fire Advertising," "There Is Poison in the Pot," "Nostrums Queer and Quaint Devices," "Irresistible Charm in Bottles and Jars," "Sucker-Trap-

ping by Mail," "The Future in Fraud." As is indicated by the above, Mr. Harding deals extensively with such aspects of the subject as cosmetics, medicines, and foods; and all sections of his book are illustrated liberally with current fraudulent enterprises and advertisements.

It is interesting to note that, though the author seems to have been inspired in his choice of subject by Messrs. Kallet and Schlink, he is by no means in sympathy with those gentlemen. Indeed, Mr. Harding seizes every opportunity to point out the fallacies of the "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs." Yet this is not the only object that draws his wrathful fire. Even the Consumers' Research Bureau and its activities as a lobbying body in Washington receive their share of the writer's invective. The main criticism of the latter seems to be that this organization and its publications exaggerate, fraudulently or otherwise, the products they analyze.

As a matter of fact, we consider this criticism entirely valid, but we are also able to understand the point of view of the groups that stand accused by Mr. Harding of numerous malic-

ious falsehoods. It is necessary to understand, first, that the Consumers' Research publications are propagandist organs, as, indeed, they have every right to be. Therefore, if they tend to exaggerate, to enlarge upon the danger of poisons found in our foods and medicines, we must be prepared to grant them a certain leeway. After all, even T. Swann Harding admits frankly that the effect of certain food preservatives upon the human body is not actually known or understood by the modern scientist. Since this is so, we can hardly find much fault with the Consumers' Research theory that poisons, taken in small doses through the medium of foods and other products, will eventually have a deteriorating effect upon the anatomy.

We hope that we have not created the impression, thus far, that Mr. Harding is defending the present practice of fraud and the abuse of the lowly consumer. On the contrary, while the author takes every opportunity to find fault with Kallet and Schlink for being over-zealous re-

formers, he certainly wears no kid gloves when he handles modern products and their methods of advertising. Despite the fact that he neglects foods and their relation to the consumer, since he seems to consider them somewhat above criticism, Mr. Harding plunges whole-heartedly into the situation of medicinal frauds. To add spice to his careful analysis of the industry, the writer quotes numerous advertisements that embellish the pages of almost all of our present-day national publications.

However, the one advertisement that appealed most to us was one which in no way resembled the others in its purpose or effect. To be sure, it certainly resembled our current American advertisements in its format, for the British makers of Wolsey Wear decided to undertake an advertising campaign in the American style and using the "American" language. They headed their advertisement with a picture of Cardinal Wolsey and then said: "He *Nerer Knew* 'What Bumped Him Off!'"

Lawrence Forrest Ebb, '35.



RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S ROVING REPORTER



April 2—A new art club is being organized for the budding *Register* cartoonists. We understand that only painting will be considered. That's too bad. Now, if they were to bring sculpture in, too, it would help some notable members of the school to do a little constructive chiseling . . . Before we forget, or lest we forget, the Math Club convened in 133, and a group of Mathematics devotees untied several knotty problems.

April 3—Baseball practice at the "Fens." "Bud" MacLaughlin does a "Casey at the Bat" act thrice with great gusto . . . Seen at the field: Five young gentlemen going out for pitcher and after being tested for the same, going out for the outfield . . . The Muddy River becoming the recipient of a few horsehides . . . By dint of great deduction and the power of reading, the R. R. R. discovers on the bulletin that the Latin Club and the Chess Club are on the list for 2:30. The R. R. R. happens to be a member of both clubs. What does the R. R. R.

do? He goes to baseball practice . . .

April 4—Incident in 129.

Youthful Crooner: "Sooo-ooo-n, may-beee not too-morrrow, but soooooon!"

Mr. McGuffin: "Caruso was a wonderful singer. But you're better still; the stiller, the better" . . . The Stamp Club has been strangely reticent of late. We guess it was the paste on the back of the new Palestinian Issue . . . All Latin School was thrilled to hear the news that Mr. Francis Charles Cleary was to be one of the judges at the spelling bee Friday night.

April 5—"A considerable amount of noise has been noticed in the lunch-room lately; for example, a chorus of groans when a dish is broken. I hope that no boy will indulge in this practice from now on." Read at nine o'clock. During the lunch period, the R. R. R. breaks a plate. The whole hall observed Mr. Powers's ruling. As an afterthought, let us record the fact that the time was two minutes to one, and we were carrying out the duties of K. P. under the capable direction of Mr. O'Leary . . .

April 8—Daunt is absent from a class. Needless to say, the class was Daunt-less . . . Assembly, Classes I, II and III . . . Assembly Debating Club at 2:30. Assembly Detention Club at 2:30. Outside in drill, a clever private says to a clever captain: "There's something in the air," queries the captain: "What?" Answers the private: "Wind!" . . .

April 9—It is rumored that Lipson, the great fiddler, is going to give away his violin outright—no strings

attached . . . To haunt our after-school hours comes the spectre of the C. E. E. B. Teachers begin counting the number who are to take the Boards, or rather, who are going to be taken by the Boards . . . A round number attended the Math Club. As one member says: "Every figure counts!" . . .

April 10—An enormous number of students were absent today, probably due to the fact that there was no school. The R. R. R. attended classes for half an hour before he found out . . .

April 11—Thursday. It pleut very heavily . . . Nevertheless, the rain could not dampen our spirits. There was a Glee Club assembly in company with the upper classes. The latter, with the able assistance of Fred "Tibbett" Rogosin and Mr. Powers, learn how to give the necessary artistic touch to the "Landing of the Pilgrims" . . . After school, the Radio Club entertained several loud speakers . . .

April 12-15—No school Viva la vacation!

April 15-21—No school. Viva la vacation!

April 22. School.

April 22—The big day! At the beginning of the first period a thin, red ribbon is stretched along the corridor near 219. Realizing that entrance is barred, many try to enter, but are effectually stopped by Mr. Wilbur . . . During the Home Room and Lunch Periods strange apparitions promenade along the corridors: Governor Governor Dudley, disguised as Brown, or rather Brown, disguised as Governor Dudley, Ezekiel Cheever with a one-and-a-half foot beard, many motley gentlemen without beards and

many beards without gentlemen . . . At one o'clock the big review in the yard under a drizzle that threatened to spoil the whole affair . . . The unveiling of the tablet: same old wolf, same old twins, three hundred years! . . . After it all, a pageant for the Alumni . . . The R. R. R. sneaked in on his sneakers, pretending he was an Alumnus. His famous "One-Eye Connelly" stunt was given the cold shoulder the first time; the second time, two cold shoulders; the third time, with no more cold shoulders (the heat was on), the officer at the door received him graciously . . .

April 23—Classes II . . . III . . . IV . . . V . . . and VI had no school, but Class I did. As a matter of fact, it was Class Day . . . After the introductory remarks by President Nolan, there was a vocal solo by Fred Rogosin. The Class Oration was written by Gaquin; the Will by Fox, Levinson, and Foss; and the Prophecy by "Tom" Burke and Elliot Sagall. The main speakers were the Hon. Joseph P. Kennedy and Supt. Patrick Campbell.

April 24—Jewish holiday . . . We reflect that the \$1.95 we spent for a pair of shoes at Raymond's was just so much money gone to the dogs . . . Latin Club. Naturally enough, there was a discussion on something concerning Latin . . . Chess and Checker Club. Still naturally enough, the members played checkers and chess, not to mention tiddleywinks . . . An electric storm, consisting of thunder and lightning and a double dose of rain thrown in, beguiled us during the early afternoon, after noon . . .

April 25—Still a Jewish holiday. At eight o'clock (in the evening) our pageanters present the third performance of the week, having previous to

this one gone out to the wilds of Framingham for the State Teachers' College, where they received a corn-beef lunch.

April 26—Volleyball starts out in the yard at Simmons. Also squash, tennis and archery. Spring is here! . . . Two more pageant performances. Such is a trouper's life! . . . During the morning session in drill, strange figures with claret faces and mummified heads haunt the yard. It all inspires R. R. R. to scribble this masterpiece:

If I should live in Turkestan
I should not then be in Japan,
Nor should I then be in Mongolia,
Macedon, Sparta or Aeolia.
As a matter of fact, as man to man,
I would then be in far Turkestan.
Figure it out. We can't.

Today would have been some club or other, but since the pageant broke up near four o'clock, the only assembly was that of the janitors.

April 29—The R. R. R. received a chain dime letter the other day. Having mailed the dime and followed instructions, the chain began to work. Today he received a dime back—his own. He had forgotten to put a stamp on the letter . . . Literary Club in 226 . . .

April 30—Tuesday according to the calendar . . . At 1:30 Colonel Penney was presented with a bronze bust of himself by the other members of the Massachusetts Volunteer Guard, from which he has recently retired. Afterwards, a review in the yard was held . . . No Math Club . . .

May 1—Speaking of May, may we say that the R. R. R. received the following little gem of poetry:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
You are a flower,
You smell, too.

If we find the author of this flagrant disrespect, we promise Vengeance with a capital V! . . . Latin and Chess and Checker Clubs.

May 2—We concoct a pun. . . When Bernstein plays the piano, he is practically saying: "Notes to you!" Said Bernstein came late for the three hundred and twentieth time to a Glee Club meeting. . . At the Radio Club, more short-wave discussion charged the atmosphere. . .

May 3—Prize Drill under cloudy skies. The unusual tension was quite noticeable, especially in the little regiment. . . Dark horse of the day! "Benny" Chiampa carried off fourth as a Major under Colonel Davidson. Colonels Leo H. Leary and Thompson form the remain troop of prize-winning officers. . .

May 6—Mr. Cleary's punctuation exercises:

1. that that is is that that is is not that that is not that that is not is not that that is. (Is that so?)

2. Another one: said i who said i said said he i said you said said i i said said said is not said like said. (Who said so?)

. . . Debating Club met for the weekly squabble and elections.

May 7—Bank day. Beyond that we can't recall anything else of importance. . .

May 8—Wednesday, eighth day of the fifth month in the 1935th year. Two well-known other things made it memorable. You know them. The Chess and Checker Club and the Latin Club. . . A new riddle propounded by the inhabitants of 218: If it takes sixteen

quarts of water to fill a barrel, how man will it take to Philadelphia? . . .

May 9—Probably in answer to the circus' demand for freaks, the photographer came up to snap the Lit. Club, Deb. Club, Glee Club, etc. A great throng surges around the library. Says the secretary of the Debating Club, "I never knew we had so many members before!". . .

May 10—And now comes the day! Today the final issue of The Register has its deadline. Today, after a solid year of burning the midnight oil, the R. R. R. must reveal himself! But first, a few statements:

Thanks a lot to S. Adler, I. M. Siegel, H. Winn, and A. Daum for valuable help and suggestions—

To Mr. Marson for helpful criticism and strict censoring of our stuff—

To Sidney Sulkin and Dana Schnitt-kind for real co-operation and assistance—

To all who have contributed in any way to making the column a success,
We strip our masks,

Elliott L. Sagall '35
Arthur Cantor '36

HEROES OF OTHER DAYS

In the past twelve years, during which Coach Fitzgerald has directed Latin's sports, the school has been represented by six championship football teams and a great many bang-up baseball teams.

Although the open season for "All Teams" is closed, we have selected several teams made up of boys who profited under the tutelage of Coach Fitzgerald and then went on to stardom on college gridirons, diamonds and tracks.

Football "All Team"

"Russ" Lynch, le.....Bates
"Dave" Kopans, lt.....Harvard
"Harry" Balkan, lgWilliam & Mary
Warren Casey, cHarvard
"Dick" O'Hare, rg.....Dartmouth
"Al" Jusonie, rtDartmouth
Fred Knutson, reAmherst

"Tom" Bilodeau, qbHarvard
"Bucky" Warren, rhb.....B. C.
"Etta" Tobin, lbhHarvard
John Lawlor, fb.....West Point

Baseball "All Team"

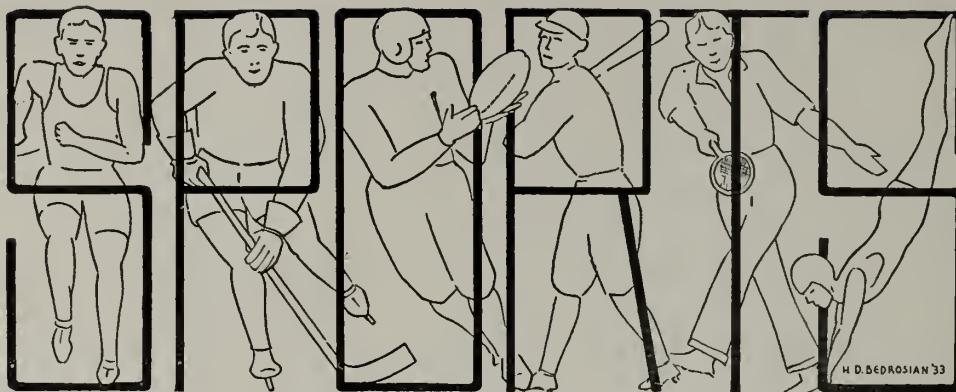
1. "Steve" Downes, 1b Annapolis
2. "Ed" Tracy, rf. Brown
3. "Dick" Maguire, c. Harvard (Capt.)
4. "Tom" Bilodeau, ss. Harvard
5. "Al" Fusonie, cf. Dartmouth
6. "Bob" Verge, 2b Tufts
7. Paul MacCechem, 3b Annapolis
8. "Ed" Hall, lf. Columbia
9. "Red" Hunt, p. Brown

Track Luminaries

"Ad" Hagerty Harvard (Capt.)
"Dick" Hegarty Holy Cross
John "Jigger" Joyce B. C.
"Red" Parks B. C.

M. J. Rodman, '35.





PLAY BALL !

Before we go into the baseball situation, let's have a review of track and tennis events, which have been overshadowed by the diamond activities . . . The outdoor tracksters went to Newton, where, greatly to the surprise of every one, including the team itself, they came within one point of defeating the powerful Newton team . . . The score was 39 to 38 . . . In the hurdles, "Charley" Anderson and Vernon came in second and third, in that order, while John Sullivan and Harry Feinman burst into second and third in the dash. "Lenny" Weiner took a second in the "220," and "Red" Thompson (his other half) came in ahead of "Johnny" Powers in the "440" for first and second, respectively. In the "880," MacMillan and Byer did well to pull into second and third positions . . . "Harry" Feinman broke the shot record by heaving the "iron pill" to a new distance of 50' 6" . . . "Len" Weiner easily jumped to a first in the "high," while Vernon and Brady tied for third in the same event . . . MacMillan was followed by "Charley" Anderson in the horizontal jump, as they finished in 2-3 order . . . We came into the last event leading Newton; but the relay lost the

day. The Newton boys were a little too fast . . . However, at Norwood the relay team won, helping the boys to a 43 to 32 victory. Anderson came over the top first in the hurdles; Weiner pulled into first in the "220"; Co-Capt. Thompson did likewise in the "440," followed closely by "Johnny" Powers in the "880"; MacMillan and Byer did the same as at the Newton meet—second and third; Harry Feinman again took first in the shot—with Wexler in for a second; Weiner jumped to a second in the "vertical," while Anderson and MacMillan were 1, 2, in the "horizontal" . . . Where was Harry in the 100-yard dash? (Answer in next week's "Math" test!) . . . We haven't the room to go into details about the Harvard Interscholastics—except to say that Latin came in fourth—one better than English . . . The boys are surely putting on a great show, and "rumor hath it" that "Coach Fitzzy" is very proud of the tracksters . . . Baseball? Baseball? . . . Oh, yes we have a baseball team—yes, and one that will surely go places once it gets organized . . . true enough. The boys haven't come out ahead in all the scores, but give them some support . . . "Ed" Weafer looked great

against Trade, but went sour in the B. C. High fray . . . There is no doubt that the team would go places if the pitching were better, as the scores indicate that they are hitting: 15 runs against J. P., 14 against Trade and 5 against B. C. High—but J. P. scored 16 and B. C. High 12 . . . The coach has been shifting the lineup so much we can expect to see “Buddy” “Mac” catching any day now . . . These scores have just come in: Groton 8, Latin 12; and Memorial 12, Latin 1 . . . Commerce was met—and they conquered . . . “Bill” Mulcahy and Tully were having a grand battle for the initial sack until Tully was “laid low” with sickness—tough luck, “Red”! . . . Kettendorf follows the team around like its shadow . . . The tennis team hasn’t had much luck, losing to Brookline, Exeter and Quincy thus far . . . Groton is next on the list, and we hope that they do better . . . The team took a taxi to Quincy; but they had a nice street-car ride home of about one hour and a half duration . . . The tournament is being played in the school with some regularity, but no final champion has as yet been announced . . . Starr is still manager (we had to mention him somehow). And “Leo” Leary is also playing (tennis—we mean) . . . We could rave on and on, but it’s awfully hot . . . We’ve got so much work to do . . . The college Boards are coming—and—ah—ah—a—a—

LATIN 14, TRADE 5

Behind the 5-hit twirling of Ed Weafer, the Latin School nine romped to a 14—5 win over Trade School at

the Fens Stadium on Thursday, April 17. Despite the cold weather and the fact that it was his first assignment, Weafer was invincible. Constantly pecking away at the offerings of Dwyer, the Trade pitcher, the Purple stickers finally drove him to the showers in the fifth inning, when a barrage of base hits netted 5 runs. Belekiewicz, Tully, Weafer and Dean led the batters, each getting two hits.

The score:

		R	H	E
Latin	1 0 1 1 5 0 4 2 0—	14	11	3
Trade	1 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 0—	5	5	4

J. M. Kean, '36.

NORWOOD 4, LATIN 1

With the Trade game under their belts, the Purple swatsmiths journeyed out to Civic Field, Norwood, on Friday, April 26, to meet the fast traveling Norwood High nine. After a pitching duel between Belekiewicz, the Latin hurler, and Charlie Bowles, the ace of “Benny” Murray’s staff, the Norwood boys were returned the victors by the score of 4—1. Belekiewicz pitched a 5-hit game, but had the misfortune to meet Bowles when the latter was feeling great. Bowles set down our batters with four hits and fanned eighteen men. Tully seemed to be the only Latin batter able to puzzle out Bowles’s slants, for he made two hits in three trips to the plate.

The score:

		R	H	E
Norwood—	0 1 2 0 0 0 0 1 x—	4	5	3
Latin	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—	1	4	2

J. M. Kean, '36.

DORCHESTER 6, LATIN 3

In an attempt to get back into the win column, Coach Fitzgerald sent Ed Weafer to the mound to face Dorchester High on Tuesday, May 8, at the Roberts Playground in Dorchester. "Bob" Murray, all-Boston twirler, was serving them up for Dorchester. Weafer pitched well, but was too liberal with bases on balls, many of which were turned into runs and led to his removal in favor of Clay in the seventh. The final score was 6—3, in favor of Dorchester. "Bill" O'Connell led the Latin stickers with two singles, while Krukevickey accounted for four of the Dorchester runs with a triple and double.

The score:

Dorchester—	R	H	E
0 1 0 5 0 0 0 0 0—	6	6	1
Latin	R	H	E
0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2—	3	5	2

J. M. Kean, '36.

JAMAICA PLAIN 16, LATIN 15

Jamaica Plain High turned back our diamond representatives at Carolina Avenue Playground on Friday, May 10, by the score of 16—15. Neither of the pitchers who started the game went the distance, MacLaughlin giving way to Kean, who had little success, and was followed by Clay, Schwede and Belekiewicz. O'Rourke was shelled from the mound in the third inning, when the Purple gunners garnered five runs. Lury and Burke finished up the game. Latin was sent off to a 9—3 lead in the early innings, only to see its lead wiped out because of the wildness of its slabsters and have the game tied at 11—11. Again the Latin clubbers set off their guns and went into the ninth inning, leading 15—11. At this point Schwede lost his effectiveness, and

four hits rattled off the Plainers' bats, to bring the score to 15—14. Belekiewicz entered the fray in a vain attempt to quell the riot; but he had little success, and the Plainers drove in two more runs for a 16—15 victory. Healey, Tulley, Hall and MacLaughlin led the batters with two hits apiece. O'Rourke and Burke did all the damage for Jamaica, each getting three hits.

The score:

Jamaica P. H.	R	H	E
0 3 0 0 5 3 0 0 5—	16		
Latin	R	H	E
0 3 5 1 0 2 1 1 2—	15		

J. M. Kean, '36.

B. C. H. 12, B. L. S. 5

In a loosely played ball game at Billings Field on Wednesday, May 15, the Boston College High nine set back the Latin School ball club, 12—5.

Weafer, the starting B. L. S. pitcher, faced seven batters in the first inning and gave way to Kean with two men out. "Lefty" set the St. James Street boys back on their heels for five innings; but some loose fielding, coupled with timely base hits, led to his withdrawal in favor of Belekiewicz, who finished the game. Latin School made one lone attempt to get back into the ball game in the fourth, when it scored four runs on hits by Kean, Hall, MacLaughlin and O'Connell and some erratic fielding by the Eaglets.

From a Latin standpoint, MacLaughlin and O'Connell stood out, "Buddy" garnering three hits and "Okie" fielding sensationally.

"Red" Flaherty, burly first-sacker for B. C. H., measured one of Belekiewicz's pitches in the ninth and poled out a home run to the confines of the park.

J. M. Kean, '36.

Bass Sport Shoes

Discount to Boston Latin School Students

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• FALL TERM (1934)
BEGINS SEPTEMBER 4

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F. H. BURDETT, President

Telephone HANcock 6300

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